DEVIL'S REIGN

WINTER SOLDIER

KELLY
LANZING
LEON
SOBREIRO

MARVEL

1

NO OUTLAW HAS EVADED JUSTICE MORE THAN **WILSON FISK**, FORMERLY THE KINGPIN OF A VAST CRIMINAL EMPIRE THAT TOUCHED EVERY CORNER OF NEW YORK CITY (AND BEYOND). NOW THE DULY ELECTED MAYOR OF NEW YORK, FISK HAS TRIED TO WASH HIS HANDS OF HIS OLD LIFE--AND THE BLOODSHED IT BORE.

BUT THE STEPS THAT **DAREDEVIL** TOOK TO SUPERNATURALLY CONCEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY AS **MATT MURDOCK** HAVE BEEN SLOWLY DRIVING FISK INTO MADNESS, LEADING HIM TO SET HIS IRE UPON THE CITY AND EVERY COSTUMED VIGILANTE IN IT. AS PART OF HIS WAR ON SUPER HEROES, HE'S COMPILED AN IMPRESSIVE STACK OF DOSSIERS ON HIS ENEMIES--AND FOR SOMEONE WHO'S FORGOTTEN AS MUCH OF HIS LIFE AS **BUCKY BARNES** HAS, THERE'S NOTHING MORE VALUABLE THAN INFORMATION...

Devil's Reign

WINTER SOLDIER

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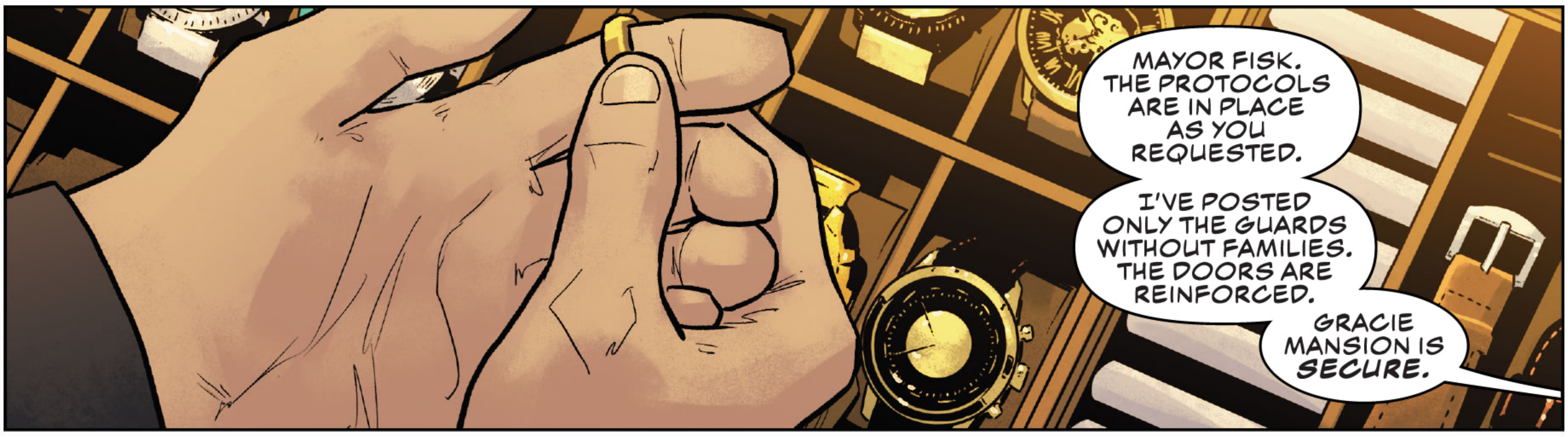
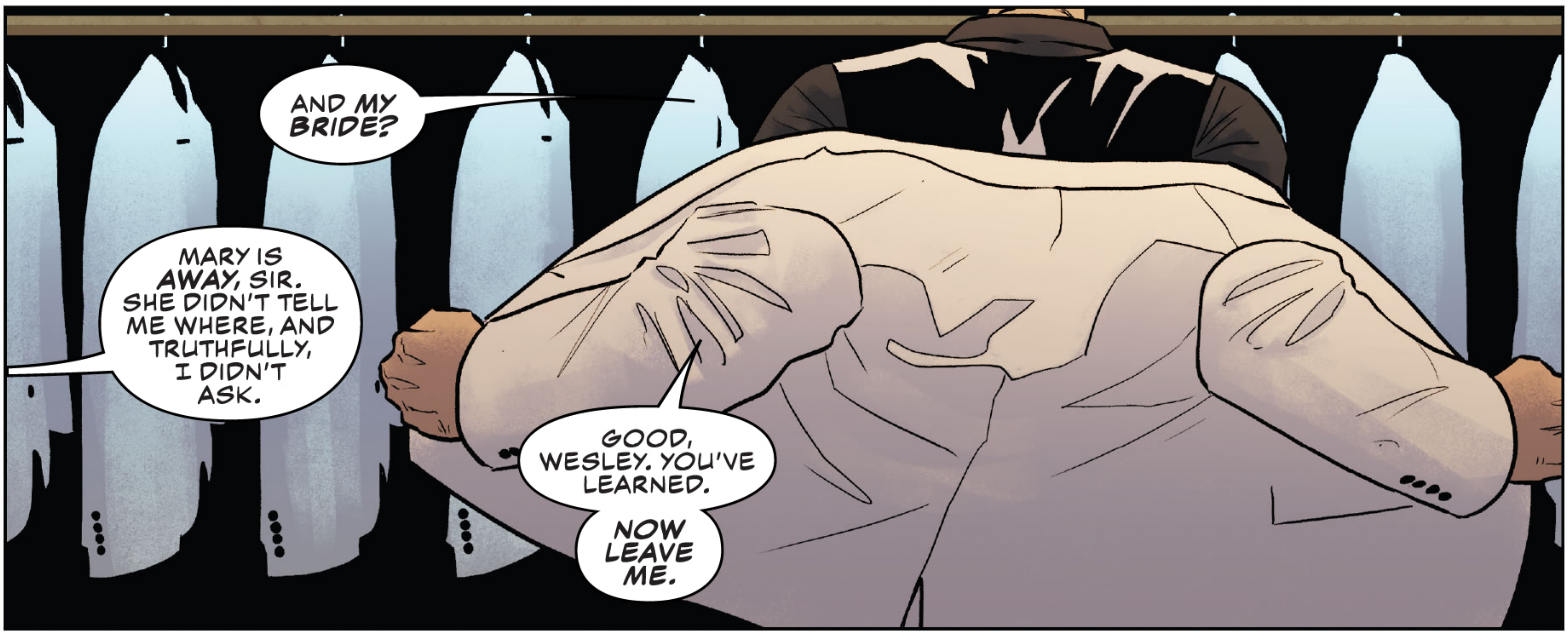
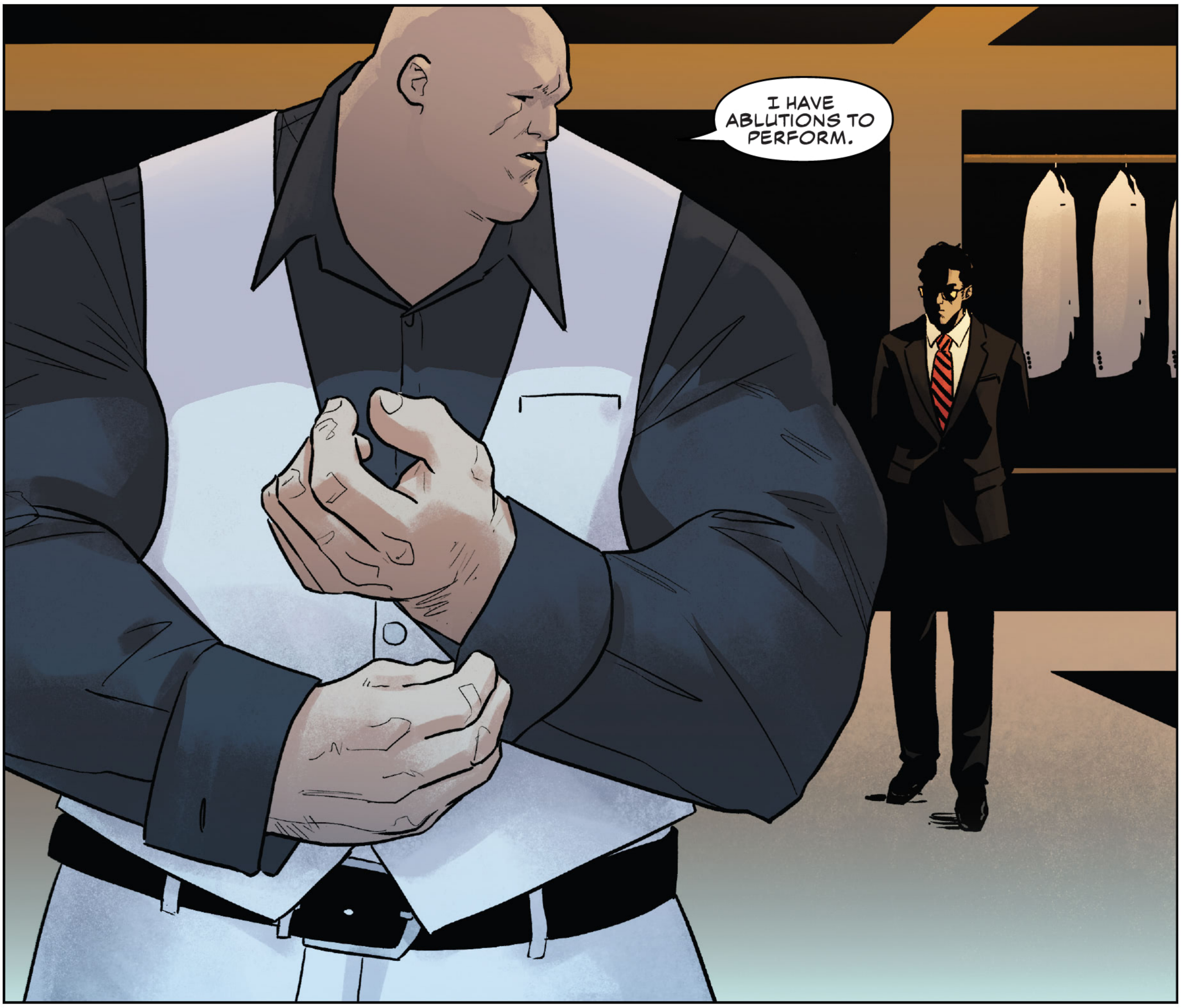

MAYOR FISK. THE PROTOCOLS ARE IN PLACE AS YOU REQUESTED.
I'VE POSTED ONLY THE GUARDS WITHOUT FAMILIES. THE DOORS ARE REINFORCED.
GRACIE MANSION IS *SECURE.*


AND *MY BRIDE?*
MARY IS **AWAY,** SIR. SHE DIDN'T TELL ME WHERE, AND TRUTHFULLY, I DIDN'T ASK.
GOOD, WESLEY. YOU'VE LEARNED.
NOW LEAVE ME.


I HAVE ABLUTIONS TO PERFORM.

IT IS ALL RIGHT THAT I CANNOT READ IT.
IT IS JUST A FILE.
IT IS JUST THE DEVIL'S REAL NAME.
I *DON'T* NEED TO KNOW.
I DON'T *NEED* TO KNOW.
I DON'T NEED.
AT ALL.

IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE I ACTUALLY SLEPT.
SLEEP.
YOU WANT TO SLEEP.
I'VE BEEN RUNNING FOR SO LONG. FIGHTING THIS DAMNED WAR FOR LONGER.
WHEN I DIE, I HALF-EXPECT MY BODY TO KEEP MOVING. I DON'T THINK IT KNOWS HOW TO STOP.
ALL IT REALLY KNOWS IS THE MISSION.
I USED TO FIND COMFORT IN THAT.
...I DON'T... NEED...
...TO...
BUT THESE DAYS?

THESE DAYS I LIVE AWAKE.
I'D DONE A WEEK WITHOUT SLEEP BEFORE. BACK IN SRI LANKA.
I THOUGHT THAT WAS A RECORD. HAD NO PARTICULAR INTEREST IN BREAKING IT.
BUT HERE I AM.
THREE WEEKS SINCE I GOT ANYTHING CLOSE TO REST.
EVEN THOUGH THERE'S NO ONE TO FIGHT. NO MISSION TO RUN.
BY THE WORLD'S RULES, I COULD JUST BE JAMES "BUCKY" BARNES FOR A WHILE.
BUT MY MIND DOESN'T PLAY BY THE WORLD'S RULES.
IT DWELLS ON THE PAST.
IT LIGHTS UP WHEN DARKNESS FALLS.
CLICK
I CAN'T SLEEP. HAVEN'T FOR WEEKS.
BUT I'VE SURE AS HELL STARTED TO DREAM.

MY DREAMS ALWAYS START IN THE DARK.
MY EYES OPEN TO A WORLD I DIDN'T ASK FOR.
I SEE BLOOD. IN POOLS AND IN RAIN. IN TEARS DOWN THE EVER CHANGING FACES OF PEOPLE I ONLY MET ONCE. WHEN I WAS THE LAST PERSON THEY EVER MET.
MY *CONSEQUENCES.*
FOR A MOMENT, LIKE A DEEP BREATH, I GLIMPSE THOSE IMPOSSIBLE SKIES ABOVE MER-Z-BOW.
IF I CAN REACH FAR ENOUGH, IF I CAN EXTEND MY FINGERS, I CAN TOUCH HER. ANOTHER MOMENT, AND I SEE VENTOLIN'S SMILE. I WILL BE HEALED.
BUT I CAN'T TAKE FLIGHT. MY ARM IS NO WING. IT'S A WEIGHT...
...AND I FALL.
I'M FREEZING AND I FALL.
I'M NO ONE AND I FALL.
I'M STEVE.
AND I FALL.
BUT I NEVER SLEEP.

I PULL IT TOGETHER. I PROMISE MYSELF TONIGHT WILL BRING ME PEACE.
BECAUSE ACCORDING TO MY CONNECTIONS IN INTELLIGENCE AND SUPER VILLAIN CIRCLES, FISK HAS FILES.
FILES ON HEROES. ON THEIR FRIENDS. SECRET IDENTITIES. SECRET MISSIONS. ***SECRET HISTORIES.***
AND MINE IS INSIDE THIS DAMN MANSION.
EVERY OFFICIAL RECORD OF MY LIFE HAS BEEN ANNIHILATED FROM EVERY ARCHIVE. VIRTUALLY ANYONE INVOLVED HAS DIED IN OBSCURITY OR BEEN KILLED TO PROTECT THE PAST.
THOSE CONSEQUENCES. THE ONES IN MY DREAMS. THE ONES I SEE IN THE DARK EVEN NOW. I DON'T KNOW MOST OF THEIR NAMES. I BARELY KNOW WHO I WAS. OR WHY I DID WHAT I DID.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY'RE HAUNTING ME. MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY WON'T LET ME SLEEP.
THIS FILE MIGHT BE MY LAST CHANCE TO KNOW THE TRUTH.
EVEN IF IT'S LIKELY STAINED IN EVEN MORE BLOOD.

BECAUSE I DIDN'T BREAK MY PROGRAMMING. I DIDN'T GIVE MYSELF THIS SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE.
STEVE DID. A FLASH OF THE COSMIC CUBE AND ALL WAS FORGIVEN.
BUT FORGIVING ***MYSELF*** REQUIRES SOMETHING ELSE.
UNDERSTANDING.
I NEED TO KNOW WHAT I WAS. ***ALL*** OF WHAT I WAS.
I NEED TO FINALLY LOOK THE PAST IN THE EYE.

I SNAP MY RACING MIND INTO FOCUS.
NO GOOD BREAKING INTO GRACIE MANSION IF I JUST END UP CAUGHT AND SURROUNDED BY COPS.
AND IN THAT FOCUS, THE ALARM BELLS IN MY HEAD START RINGING.
'CAUSE THIS IS WRONG. ALL WRONG.
THIS IS THE HOUSE OF THE *MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.* EVEN WITH THE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEMS DOWN, THERE SHOULD STILL BE SECURITY. EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW SHOULD BE GUARDED.
EXCEPT THEY AREN'T. NOT TONIGHT.
I SEE THE BODIES EVERYWHERE. MY DREAMS BLEEDING INTO MY REALITY.
THIS PLACE STINKS LIKE DEATH...AND I HAVE TO WONDER IF THAT'S JUST MY MIND, REMINDING ME OF WHO I TRULY AM.
FOCUS, BUCKY.
THE FEAR'S IN YOUR MIND. THE DEATH'S BEHIND YOU.
JUST.
MOVE.

FORWARD.
Don't forget, James.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE ME TOO.
CREEEAK
INTO THE VAULT.

ZZZZZZ ZZZRM
NO ALARMS IN THE HOUSE. I REPEAT THE OLD ADAGE IN MY HEAD AND HOPE IT'S TRUE.
AS ABOVE...
KRAK
THE WINTER SOLDIER
SPIDER-WOMAN
MOON KNIGHT
DARKHAWK
...SO BELOW.
THE WINTER SOLDIER
BUT THEN I HEAR IT.
NO.
NOT IT.
HIM.

FISK.

YOU KNOW WHO I AM. YOU AND I, WE'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF A LINE, BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO BE ENEMIES, NOT TODAY. I'M ONLY HERE FOR MY FILE.
I CAN PAY.
I HAD A HOUSE IN INDIANA. SPRAWLING. A PLACE FOR...DOGS AND SWEET TEA.
I SOLD IT. THE HOUSE, THE PROPERTY. CONVERTED IT ALL TO CASH THAT I CAN PUT IN YOUR HAND.
THIS FILE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN MY HAPPY ENDING.
FISK... I JUST WANT TO SLEEP.
HE'S NOT RESPONDING.
WHY IS HE JUST STANDING THERE?
WHY ARE HIS EYES...?
SLEEPWALKING. IRONIC.
HE PROBABLY HAS NO IDEA I'M EVEN HERE.
THAT MUST BE WHY THE HOUSE HAS BEEN CLEARED AND SECURITY EVACUATED. NO ONE CAN SEE THE KING WITHOUT CLOTHES. BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE...
...WHY ARE HIS FISTS COVERED IN BLOOD?
I DON'T NEED TO KNOW!
GOD. OH GOD.

I WASN'T IMAGINING THE BODIES.

WHY CAN'T I...?
MY JAW'S BROKE. FRACTURED ON IMPACT.
WHY CAN'T I SEE?
I'D HEARD WILSON FISK WAS STRONG.
I HAD NO IDEA.
THE PANIC SETS IN. THE EXHAUSTION RISES TO MATCH IT.
AND THEN, FINALLY...
...THE TRAINING HITS.
FOCUS.
EVADE.

ACQUIRE.
MOVE.
I CAN'T SEE IT!
FISK GOES QUIET.
I LET MYSELF HOPE HE'S AWAKE. OR FINALLY OFF HIS FEET.
I LET MYSELF HOPE.

BUT I CAN SEE YOU!
MARY... WHERE... WHERE ARE YOU, MARY...?
YOU'RE ALL THAT MATTERS NOW. JUST YOU... AND I... AFTER HE'S DEAD.
AFTER I CAN READ IT.
WAKE UP, FISK!
IT'S ALL A BAD--

THUD
HE TAKES MY ARM IN HIS.
THE ARM THAT HELD HER.
YOUR SECRETS ARE MINE... DEVIL.
KRNCH
...YOU...YOUR VIGILANTE FRIENDS...
...NAKED WITHOUT YOUR SECRETS.
AND WITHOUT YOUR ARMOR...
...YOU'LL TEAR SO EASILY.

MY ARM IS BROKEN.
I'M NOT.
NOT YET.
!
I THINK THE KNIFE WILL HELP.
I'M DREAMING AS MUCH AS FISK IS.
SO I DO WHAT STEVE TAUGHT ME TO DO.
I REACH FOR THE FLAG.
DON'T NEED... TO READ IT...
I'LL JUST KILL YOU HERE!!!
SOMETHING BUCKLES. AT FIRST, I CAN'T TELL IF IT'S MY LEGS...OR THE STAIRS.

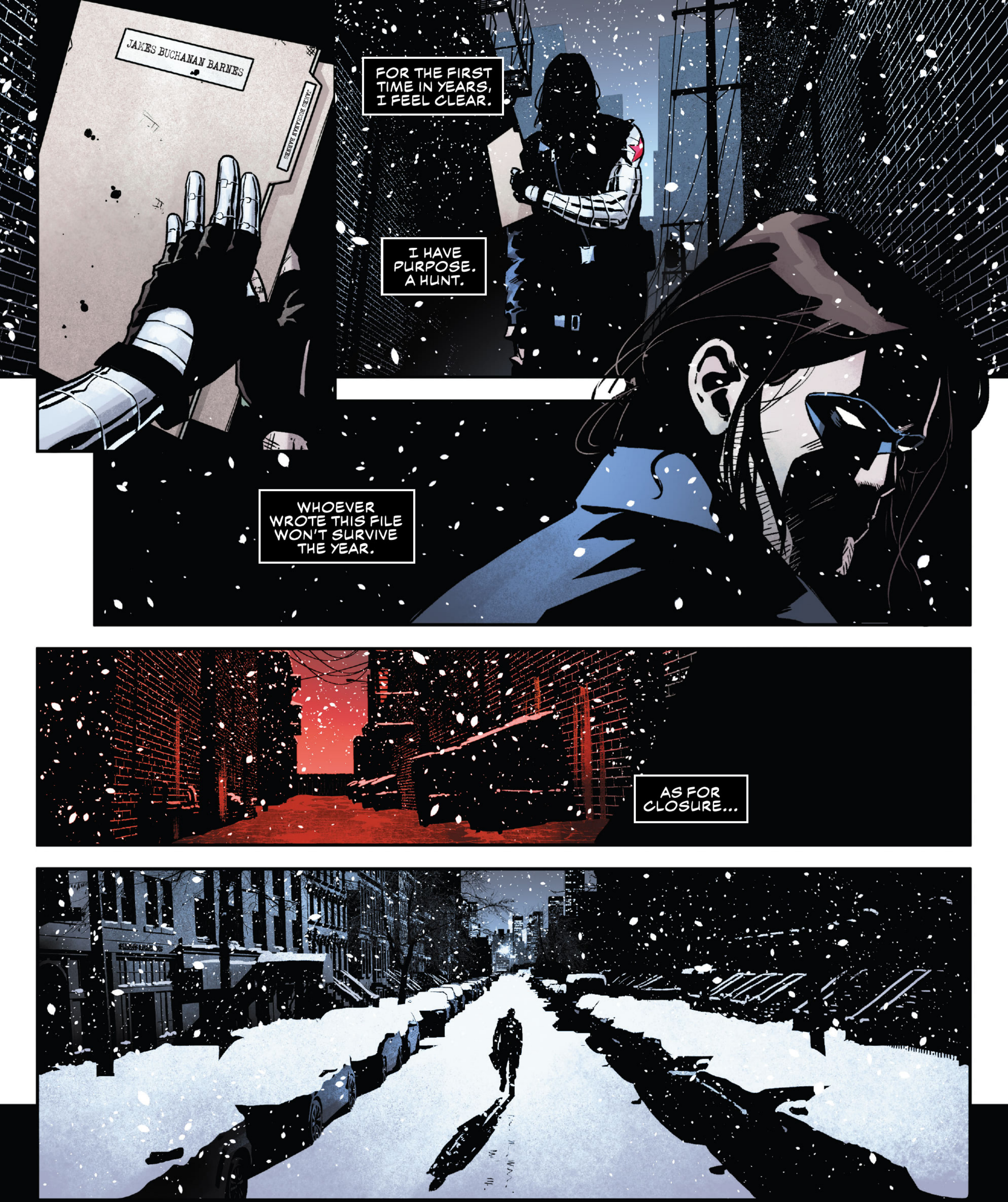
BUT THEN THE CEILING BEGINS TO GO.
AND I REALIZE THIS MIGHT BE IT.
DIE FOR ME, DEVIL.
MY TRAINING IS SCREAMING. COMPLETE THE MISSION.
BUT I CAN RUN AS HARD AS I WANT. IF I LET UP, EVEN A LITTLE...
...IF I LET THE FEAR IN...
...IF I STOP PRETENDING TO BE ANYTHING BUT A KILLER WITH A HERO'S FACE...
...AND LET THE NIGHTMARE WIN...
...THEN MAYBE I CAN FINALLY SLEEP.

KRAK-
KOOM
SIR!
SIR, THE WHOLE STRUCTURE IS UNSTABLE, YOU HAVE TO--
OUT OF MY WAY.
SIR! MISTER MAYOR, CAN YOU HEAR ME?!
YES, WESLEY. I CAN HEAR YOU.
SIR, ARE YOU...ALL RIGHT?

I HAD THE MOST WONDERFUL DREAM.
MOON KN
DARKHAWK

I'VE LOST MOST OF MY BLOOD BY THE TIME I GET TO THE ALLEY.
I'M RUNNING ON FEAR.
AND DREAD.
BUT THERE'RE NO CAMERAS ON THIS BLOCK. NO MARKETS. QUIET OVERPASS.
LEGS CAN STILL SIT. EYES CAN STILL SEE.
I DID THIS TO LEARN THE TRUTH.
TO SEE EVERY KILL. TO KNOW EVERY PERSON I WRONGED. AND WHO MADE ME PULL THE TRIGGER. SO I STEEL MYSELF FOR THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WINTER SOLDIER.
BUT IT'S NOT *HIS* FILE.
IT'S *MINE.*
JIMBARNES
JAMES BUCHANAN BARNES

FISK DIDN'T COMPILE THIS--HE STOLE IT FROM SOMEONE ELSE. SOMEONE MORE POWERFUL.
THEY NEVER IDENTIFY THEMSELVES, BUT THEIR NOTES ON ME BEGIN WHEN I'M BORN.
THEY HAVE FILES ON MY FATHER, MY MOTHER. THEY HAVE MY REPORT CARDS. THEY KNOW I FAILED CHEMISTRY.
AFTER MY DAD'S DEATH, THEY ASSIGNED ME TO LEHIGH.
THEY PUT ME IN THE COSTUME. THE FIRST ONE. WITH THE STAR ON THE BELT. AND THEY INTRODUCE ME TO STEVE.
WHEN I DIE, IT'S A MINOR SETBACK. ONCE I'M RECYCLED THROUGH DEPARTMENT X AND THE STAR'S ON MY ARM, THEY PICK UP WHERE THEY LEFT OFF.
I KILL 374 PEOPLE FOR THEM OVER 78 OPERATIONAL YEARS.
WITH ONLY 91 KILLS AS PART OF THE WINTER SOLDIER PROGRAM.
THEY LIST ME AS ACTIVE DUTY. LIKE I'M STILL WORKING FOR THEM. LIKE I'M STILL THE SOLDIER. LIKE I NEVER STOPPED.
BECAUSE MAYBE I DIDN'T. MAYBE I'M STILL PLAYING THEIR GAME.
AFTER A NIGHT IN HELL, IT'S NOT CLOSURE I FIND IN THAT FILE.
IT'S A TRAIL OF DEAD.


JAMES BUCHANAN BARNES
JAMES BUCHANAN BARNES
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I FEEL CLEAR.
I HAVE PURPOSE. A HUNT.
WHOEVER WROTE THIS FILE WON'T SURVIVE THE YEAR.
AS FOR CLOSURE...

"...I'LL SLEEP WHEN THEY'RE DEAD."

BY JACKSON LANZING, COLLIN KELLY,
NICO LEON AND FELIPE SOBREIRO

TO BE CONTINUED IN CAPTAIN AMERICA #0

NEXT:

A MARVEL EVENT

DEVIL'S REIGN

PART 3

ON SALE NOW

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THE DEVIL'S REIGN CONTINUES IN THESE NEXT EPIC INSTALLMENTS:

SPIDER-WOMAN

DEVIL'S REIGN

VILLAINS $$$$$$ FOR HIRE $$$$$$

DEVIL'S REIGN

SUPERIOR FOUR

E
E
M
R
P
I
ZONE